



OTHELLO

BRABANTIO audition packet as of *June 2024*.

[BRABANTIO] Male-Identifying, 50s/60s, Any Ethnicity. A rich/powerful senator in Venice and Desdemona's father.

Please prepare the following:

- 1) BRABANTIO - SIDE 1 (pgs. 4-7)
- 2) BRABANTIO - SIDE 2 (pgs. 10-11)

There are 6 pages in this packet (excluding this cover).

If he can carry 't thus!

IAGO Call up her father.
Rouse him. Make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen.

RODERIGO
Here is her father's house. I'll call aloud.

IAGO
Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

RODERIGO What ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

IAGO
Awake! What ho, Brabantio! Thieves, thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves, thieves!

START

Enter Brabantio, above.

BRABANTIO
What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

RODERIGO Signior, is all your family within?

IAGO Are your doors locked?

BRABANTIO Why, wherefore ask you this?

IAGO
Zounds, sir, you're robbed. For shame, put on your gown!
Your heart is burst. You have lost half your soul.
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say!

BRABANTIO What, have you lost your wits?

RODERIGO Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

BRABANTIO Not I. What are you?

RODERIGO My name is Roderigo.

BRABANTIO The worser welcome.
 I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors.
 In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
 My daughter is not for thee.

RODERIGO Patience, good sir.

BRABANTIO What tell'st thou me of robbing?
 This is Venice. My house is not a grange.

RODERIGO Most grave Brabantio,
 In simple and pure soul I come to you—

IAGO Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not
 serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to
 do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll
 have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse,
 you'll have your nephews neigh to you.

BRABANTIO What profane wretch art thou?

IAGO I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter
 and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

BRABANTIO Thou art a villain.

IAGO You are a senator.

BRABANTIO This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.

RODERIGO
 Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
 If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent—
 As partly I find it is—that your fair daughter,
 At this odd-even and dull watch o' th' night,
 Transported with no worse nor better guard
 But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
 To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:
 If this be known to you, and your allowance,
 We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs.
 But if you know not this, my manners tell me
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe

That from the sense of all civility
 I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
 Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
 In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
 Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself.
 If she be in her chamber or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state
 For thus deluding you.

BRABANTIO Strike on the tinder, ho!
 Give me a taper. Call up all my people.
 This accident is not unlike my dream.
 Belief of it oppresses me already.
 Light, I say, light!
He exits.

IAGO, *to Roderigo* Farewell, for I must leave you.
 It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place
 To be produced, as if I stay I shall,
 Against the Moor.
 Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must show out a flag and sign of love—
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. *He exits.*

Enter Brabantio with servants and torches.

BRABANTIO
 It is too true an evil. Gone she is,
 And what's to come of my despised time
 Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
 With the Moor, sayst thou?—Who would be a father?—
 How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, she deceives me
 Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers.
 Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

RODERIGO Truly, I think they are.

BRABANTIO
 O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!
 O, would you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

RODERIGO

I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.

BRABANTIO

Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call.
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
They exit.

END

BRABANTIO - Side 2

Come, captain, will you go?

OTHELLO Have with you

CASSIO Here comes another troop to seek for you.

START *Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers, and torches.*

IAGO

It is Brabantio. General, be advised,
He comes to bad intent.

OTHELLO Holla, stand there!

RODERIGO Signior, it is the Moor.

BRABANTIO Down with him, thief!

They draw their swords.

IAGO You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I am for you.

OTHELLO

Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

BRABANTIO

O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?
Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her!
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunned
The wealthy curlèd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou—to fear, not to delight!
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee.
Lay hold upon him. If he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

OTHELLO Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining and the rest.
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter.—Whither will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

BRABANTIO To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

OTHELLO What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

OFFICER 'Tis true, most worthy signior.
The Duke's in council, and your noble self
I am sure is sent for.

BRABANTIO How? The Duke in council?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own.
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bondslaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

They exit.

END
